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**HOW TO MARK YOUR BALLOT.**  
**DO YOU WISH TO MARK YOUR BALLOT TO-MORROW**  
**IN THE SIMPLEST, SUREST WAY TO DEFEAT TAM-**  
**MANY AND SECURE TO THE CITY CLEAN, HONEST**  
**GOVERNMENT?**

THEN

Mark each name in the Anti-Tammany Jeffersonian Alliance column as far as that column goes.

Mark the remaining places on the ballot in the Republican column, setting a mark against each name, with one exception:

For Borough President of Queens, vote for Maurice E. Connolly in the Democratic column.

Do not mark in the circles.

Mark each name separately.

The voter intent on making up his own scheme of Fusion among offices below the Borough Presidents must pick his candidates as he sees fit.

But for the average voter who wishes first and last to vote against Tammany and for clean, open democracy of the best municipal brand, the above plan is the easiest and safest.

Who will envy Murphy this heavy, haunted night before  
 Phillip?

**GREAT SPORT IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.**  
**SINCE** Saturday Sullivan County has been enjoying itself. Hundreds of automobiles carrying fur-coated hunters with silver-mounted shooting irons pour daily into the district. Some of the hunters bring camping outfits, but more rejoice the heart of the farmer's wife by occupying her best bedroom at fancy prices. The happy village grocer is busy overtime, and mysterious cases marked XXXX encumber the platforms of the railway stations.

Since Saturday it has been open season for deer in Sullivan County, and will be until Nov. 15.

Wherefore the wily deer are making tracks for private parks and preserves, where they enjoy the protection of well-paid guards. And the farmers, with kindly foresight, are turning loose in the forests hundreds of cows thoughtfully purchased for the occasion, each bearing around its neck a brass tag with the owner's name and address.

The hunter from the great city to whom, in the fever of the chase, an excited cow takes on the semblance of a bounding deer even more readily than does a brother huntsman, will thus find plenty to shoot—and clear directions where to send the cheque.

McCall says he will go golfing to-morrow. Wednesday should find him free to begin a needed rest and bethink himself how to be worth the \$15,000 a year he gets as Chairman of the Public Service Commission.

**THE YELLOW TAXICAB COMPANY.**  
**IMPUDENCE** and defiance of public opinion never desert the Yellow Taxicab Company.

Having cheated and robbed New Yorkers for years that it might pay its colossal contributions to privilege and hotel graft, it doggedly fought the first adequate cab ordinance New York ever had.

It refused utterly to obey that ordinance. It took out no licenses under the ordinance. It withdrew its cabs from the public stands. It never for an hour attempted to do business at the new rates or under the new rules.

Yet it had the insolence to ask a court to entertain its plea that by working under the new ordinance it lost money.

And now it has had the further audacity to propose that the city shall cease to argue against its contentions and consent to examine its books under a seal of strict secrecy!

The Yellow Taxicab Company appears to have convinced itself that the way to get what it wants from the public is to show its contempt for the public.

Hooper! After election a Chicago banker, backed by the Governors of seven States, is coming to teach New Yorkers the wisdom of thrift.

**Letters From the People**

**Wants to Make Use of "Musical Ear"**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 I have a remarkably sharp ear for music and can learn a tune very quickly and understand minor and major chords and detect a one-half tone wrong in a full orchestra on any instrument. Can any expert reader tell me to what use I can put this "gift" or the best trade to take up. Is there any money in piano tuning?  
 W. F.

**An Art Gallery Criticism.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Yesterday I made a visit to your Metropolitan Art Gallery. I am a stranger

**The Day's Good Stories**

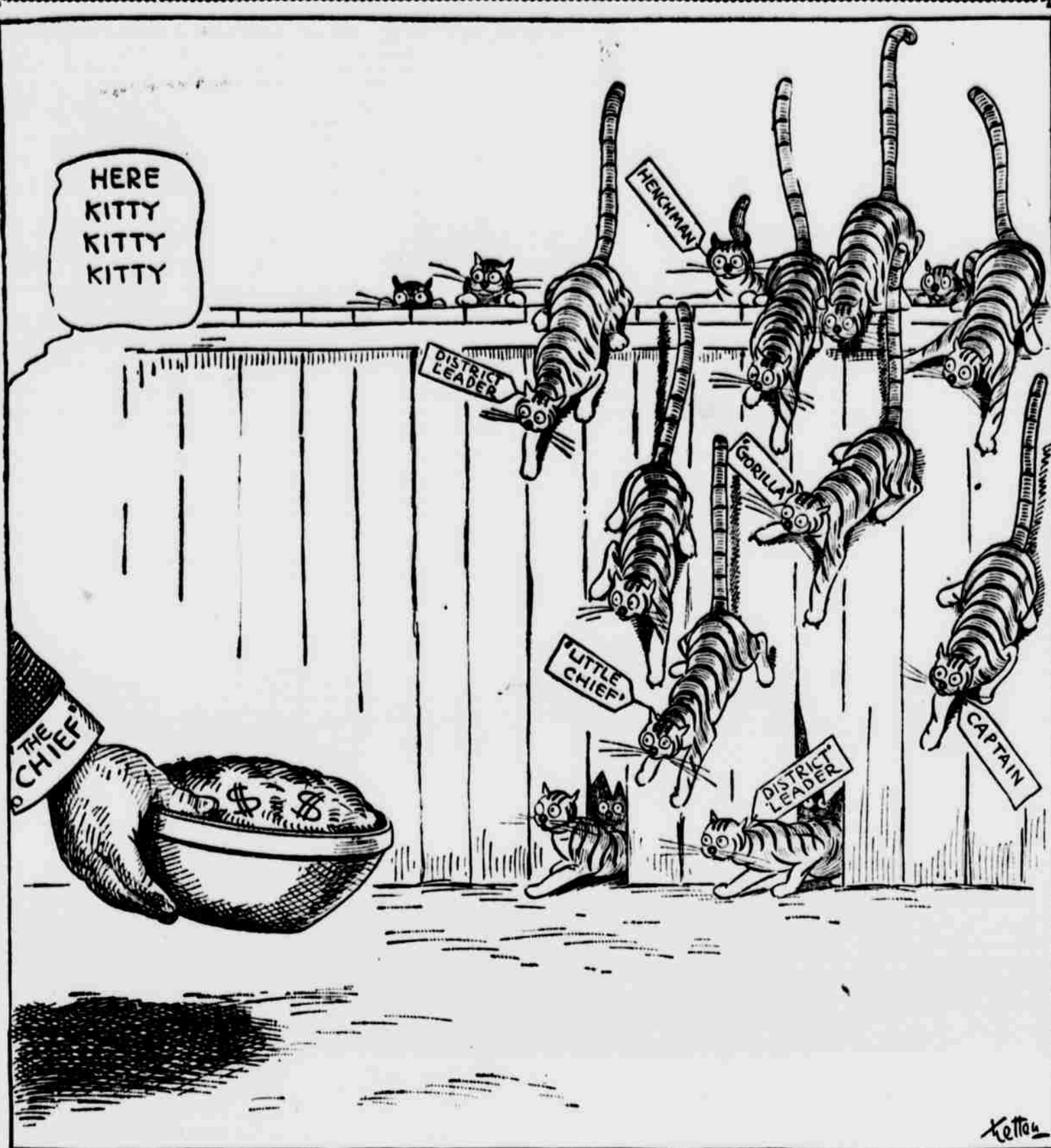
**Not His Treat.**  
**A** DRUNKEN man by the name of Riley boarded a trolley car, and after paying his fare made himself comfortable. The conductor, after calling off the alarm, was passing a street which corresponded with the drunken man's name.

"Riley next street!" called the conductor.

The drunken man, who was had money, understood him as "Riley's next street," yelled out: "You're a liar! I treated last!"—National Monthly.

**Wasted Efficiency.**  
 "HALL never forget," said the popular statesman, "the crowd of 10,000 people who cheered me for one solid hour."  
 "Have you ever thought of your terrible responsibility?" asked the mathematician. "A man such as you, 10,000 hours, or nearly a year

**Dough Day** By Maurice Ketten



**The Jarr Family** The Jarrs, as Social Arbiters, Sail Timidly on Strange Seas

pose a vote of thanks to Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston for his unique conception of a dance down among the masses!

"In social as well as business affairs, Michael Angelo Dinkston is an efficiency engineer par excellence. A toast to him in tea for his brilliant idea of a dance among the masses!"

This was given with a will by those assembled to do Mrs. Jarr honor, and on the floor below the dancing of the Jarrs was now beginning. Mr. Lawrence Cassidy (if there are any Cassidy's who ever become so by discarding blouse and pigtail) now appeared with dance cards easily lithographed with a scene from an extremely gay French ball.

The order of dance inside was cosmopolitan enough, and there were plenty of tangos and turkey trots. A bewildering array of names of chairmen of various committees pertaining to the dance of the Gentlemen's Sons' Association followed. Also the name of Mr. Lawrence Cassidy as Floor Manager, and a concluding note that the music was by "Our Favorite, the Rheinsteiner and His Unstuffed Band of Twenty Union Musicians."

"What is a stuffed band, Mr. Cassidy?" asked Mrs. Jarr, turning to the much Irish-Americanized young Chinaman.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Jarr, "the orchestra has a lot of players in it who only pretend to blow and scrape."

"Sure," said the affable young floor manager. "They stuff the orchestra. But this is a full band. Whenever you're ready now, the Left-Handed Kid has come!"

It would seem that the ball did not rightly start until the important personage last mentioned arrived, but in the excitement of proceeding to the scene of enjoyment no comment was made upon this fact.

In the brilliantly lighted dance hall on the floor below a young man of pleasant appearance stood in the center of the room receiving the felicitations of his many friends. He was attired in a dress suit of lustrous purple with a crinkly pink waistcoat with gold buttons. His dainty patent leather shoes and tops of purple velvet to match his attire and were secured by gold buttons of the same design as his waistcoat's.

A diamond studded watch chain crossed the belt line of this magnificent young man, and diamonds blazed on his hands and cuff links. His left hand was carried in a sling made from a large purple silk handkerchief.

Mr. Lawrence Cassidy led Mrs. Jarr and her party up to this personage (worthy, as Mrs. Jarr whispered, if being known to the President of Costa Rica) and introduced them.

This was the Left-Handed Kid, name in full Mr. Clarence Hurler. But his oversize aspect was Italian, even to his choice of festive colors.

"Is the lookouts on the job?" asked the Left-Handed Kid of Mr. Cassidy.

"I hear the Boneyard Bunch is coming to crash the racket."

"I guess you're heeled for 'em," retorted the Chinese Irish-American.

"Absolutely!" replied the young man in purple. "But you'd better put dead ladies and gents behind the sheet iron tables when they blow in."

Mr. Dinkston rapped his knuckles against the flag-draped table near him at the side of the hall. It gave a metallic sound as though fenced with steel plate.

"I can see an exciting episode or two is on the tapis," murmured Mr. Dinkston. "But on with the dance, let joy be untroubled!"

**Broadway Ballads—(VI.)**

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**HOW CAN I STEAL A KISS?**

**HITS FROM SHARP WITS.**

When a woman wants to keep a secret she usually calls in the aid of her neighbors.—*Marion Telegraph.*

Nor man nor woman was ever gracefully jealous.—*Deseret News.*

Where there's a will there are a dozen lawyers.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A paragraph asks what has become of the "smart, clever chap who used to say, 'I gotcha, Steve'." Why, he's now the smart, clever "ish ga bibbie" exponent.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

If ever that foolish suggestion of a "farted" day should be somewhere carried into effect, the night-blooming cereus would be the appropriate flower.—*Albany Journal.*

Man in Paris is said to have reported his death in order to escape paying his bills. All sorts of ways of solving the high cost problem.—*Edinburgh News.*

Mauerkraut is quoted in Chicago at \$17 a ton. Still, if the people of Chicago weren't eating mauerkraut by the ton they probably would be doing something else.—*Topeka State Journal.*

Lady Constance Richardson collapsed on the stage the other night. Probably overcome by fatigue due to adding another veil to her dancing costume.—*Philadelphia Express.*

My love is fair, my love is sweet.  
 Ah, how I love to sip  
 The nectar of the gods distilled  
 Upon her ruby lip.  
 I press her hand, I heave a sigh,  
 (I wish that dog would croak and die.)  
 Now CAN I steal a kiss?

Published by  
 HAVE-A-HEART MUSIC CO.

**LITTLE CAUSES OF BIG WARS**  
 By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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**No. 1.—A Statesman's Blunder That Led to the Revolution**

**G**EORGE GRENVILLE was a bore. To many people he was a joke, as well. King George III. of England grew to regard him as a pest and, according to our chronicler, "to feel a kind of horror of the interminable persistency of his conversation."

"There is perhaps no one," says the same authority in speaking of Grenville, "who has been at the head of an English administration to whom a lower place can be assigned as a statesman."

The George Grenville thus flatteringly alluded to was the incompetent whose actions led to the American Revolution and to England's loss of her New World colonies. The blunder whereby Grenville achieved this mighty result was the passage of the Stamp act.

For many years England had enforced laws by which stamps and stamped paper were used for raising revenue. Each stamp represented a tax for a certain sum—a sum that must be paid in order to procure the stamp. Such stamps were ordered affixed to all grants, licenses, appointments, concessions, wills and other legal documents; to playing-cards, books, pamphlets, advertisements, etc. The stamps ranged in price from 6 cents to \$10 apiece.

Though the custom had been prevalent in England for a long time, where it had called forth little worse opposition than a chorus of heartfelt grumbling, there had been no effort to apply it to the American colonies. It was rightly thought by England that the colonies needed all their resources to build up their own communities; and that as they were not represented in Parliament and had no voice in the British Government, it would be unjust to saddle them with this heavy tax burden.

Several times the suggestion to extend the Stamp act to the colonies had been made, but always it was voted by some clear-headed statesman who chanced at the time to hold the reins of power in England. It was first proposed in 1723; but the famous Minister, Horace Walpole, refused to carry it through, saying:

"I will leave the taxation of America to some of my successors who have more courage than I."

Equally far-seeing and prudent was William Pitt when, in 1757, the same question came up again. Pitt replied to the proposition:

"I will never burn MY fingers with an American stamp tax!"

Then George Grenville, Pitt's brother-in-law and successor, "troughed in where angels feared to tread," Grenville, who was ever the butt of Pitt's sharp humor, put through a law imposing the Stamp act upon the American colonies. He added, by way of excuse, the claim that this tax was necessary for the raising of a revenue "for defending, protecting and securing His Majesty's dominions in America."

Grenville hit on this plan, not to help the growth and maintenance of the colonies, but because England's treasury had been drained in carrying on costly European wars. A Minister who could solve the knotty financial problem of the hour might reasonably hope for future favors, even from a King who was already trying to get rid of him and whom his conversation filled with "a kind of horror."

When the news of the Stamp act reached America it threw all the colonies into a ferment. Everywhere the tax was denounced as iniquitous and unbearable. The stamp officers were shunned as moral lepers. Meetings of protest were everywhere held. Armed resistance to the measure was openly threatened. Pulpit and press thundered invectives. James Otis sounded the immortal battle cry:

"Taxation without Representation is Tyranny!"

As fast as the bundles of stamps reached an American port they were stolen or burned. A Congress made up of delegates from the furious colonies met in New York and loudly asserted the rights of the people.

"Stamp Act Day" was observed as a season of universal mourning and fasting. Bells tolled as for the dead. Funeral processions walked through the streets. Flags were half-masted, dirges were played. Newspapers bordered their pages in black. Courts adjourned. Ships were held in port. All business came to a standstill.

And these signs of public grief were unconsciously made to serve as mourning for the death of England's power in America. For the colonies' righteous indignation instead of dying down when England hastily sought to retrieve her error by repealing the Stamp act grew stronger every day, until, in less than a decade, all the thirteen colonies were in arms against the mother country.

Long before that time George Grenville had been turned out of office and had died. But the fruits of the blunder lived on to stir up an eight-year war and to turn a group of dependent colonies into a free and mighty nation.

**The Dollar Mark.**

**M**ANY people like to think that the American dollar mark is a corruption of the symbol "U. S." Others have held to the old historian's idea that it is a replica of the pillars of Hercules. Prof. Florian Cajori of Colorado has knocked all these pleasing fancies in the head by proving, with ancient manuscripts, that the dollar mark is really a corruption of the old Spanish abbreviation for peso—a dollar.

Prof. Cajori looked over thousands of manuscripts to get at his facts, says the East Oregonian. He started with the idea that the dollar mark was an abbreviation of the word "dollar," but, as he says, "we had to throw our idea overboard as a useless burden."

Then he got the clue. When our Spaniards first wrote the word "pesos," one of which is about a dollar, they spelled it out in full. Then it got down to "ps." When it was written hurriedly the "p" and the "s" were superimposed, as he shows from ancient writings, and, gradually, the dollar mark came into use—"p" was written over "s." Says Prof. Cajori: "It has been established that the dollar mark is the lineal descendant of the Spanish abbreviation 'ps' for 'pesos,' that the change from the florissant 'ps' to \$ was made about 1775 by English-Americans who came in business relations with the Spanish-American, and that the earliest printed dollar mark dates back to the year 1797."

**The May Manton Fashions**

**T**HIS bodice makes a charming, even elaborate effect, yet, since the drapery is cut with straight edges, it can be made from flouncing and whatever is made from flouncing is simple and easy to adjust. The foundation is a plain blouse with the sleeves sewed to the armholes. To give the effect on the figure, the blouse is cut from lining material and the centre front and back from wide banding or lace, while over it the drapery is arranged. The pointed pelum is separate and attached to a belt, and the pelum as well as the drapery can be cut from lace or other bordered material. In the back view, the bodice is cut with high neck and, when closed in that way, the long sleeves, it is adapted to afternoon wear.

The medium size, the blouse will require 2 1/2 yards of material; 27, 1 3/4 yards 38, 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide with 3 1/2 yard 18 inches wide for the front and back portions. 1 1/2 yards 18 inches wide pelum to make as shown on the figure; 2 1/2 yards 18 inches wide to make with high neck and wide banding or lace. Pattern No. 8057 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

Pattern No. 8057—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 106 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

**IMPORTANT—**Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.